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“Okay,” Sally said as she followed her out of the guest room.

They had expected to hear news of Jacqueline being caught by the time they were done with the competition in the afternoon, but Jacqueline didn't even show up at the clubhouse that day. None of the staff members received any packages either.

Thinking Jacqueline might show up later that day, Natalie decided to wait a little longer.

However, there was still no sign of Jacqueline even at night.

Natalie had gotten so used to receiving those packages that she actually found it strange when she went a whole day without getting any.

“Shane, do you think Jacqueline knows about our plans to catch her? Could that be the reason why she didn't dare show up today?” she voiced her thoughts out during their video call after taking a shower.

Shane had started his business trip that day, and the time zone in that country was similar to Astoria's, so it was nighttime for him as well.

He, too, had just finished showering and was drying his hair while seated on his bed. Instead of his usual aloof elite vibes, Shane was giving off a lazy yet sexy vibe at the time.

Draping the towel over the back of his neck, Shane held the phone with both hands as he stared at her on the screen. “That's possible. Of course, she might also just be doing this on purpose to have you lower your guard.”

“Have me lower my guard?” Natalie stared at him in confusion.

Shane nodded. "Yeah. She thinks you're scared after receiving those packages for three days in a row, so she stops for a while to make you think she won't send them anymore. Once you've finally lowered your guard, she'll send you another one. How do you think you'd react when that happens?"

Natalie gave it some thought. "I'd freak out thinking I'm being stalked."

"Exactly. This might also be what she's playing at."

"That's such a dirty move!" Natalie exclaimed.

"Some people don't care how dirty they have to play as long as they get what they want," Shane reminded her.

"Yeah, you're right." Natalie lifted the blanket and climbed into bed.

She had a gentle look in her eyes when she glanced at her kids, who were fast asleep in the bed next to hers.

"All right, let's put this stressful topic aside for now. The kids were asking me when you'd be arriving."

"My flight is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon, so I should be arriving at night. Don't come pick me up, though. If Jacqueline shows up at the airport and gets stopped by the bodyguards, she might just open her nasty package on the spot and cause a huge panic at the airport," Shane said sternly with a frown.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgment. "All right, we'll wait for you here at the clubhouse. We can move back to the villa afterward."

Shane nodded in agreement, and the two chatted a little while longer before hanging up.

The next morning went by with no sign of Jacqueline nor her nasty packages.

Maybe Shane is right about Jacqueline getting me to lower my guard so she can scare me again. She sure has gotten weaker with her tactics! She used to be really vicious and lethal in her

approaches, but now she's stooping as low as pulling disgusting pranks!

Natalie snickered at the thought of that.

"Nat, is Mr. Shane arriving soon?" Sally asked all of a sudden.

Natalie glanced at her watch and replied, "He should be. He called me ten minutes ago saying he's left the airport, and it's quite a short drive from there to here."

"I know Mr. Shane didn't let us pick him up at the airport, but we should be allowed to greet him at the clubhouse entrance, right?" Sally suggested.

The kids were quick to agree with it. "Yeah, Mommy! We'll be able to see Daddy right away if we wait for him at the entrance!"

Natalie didn't want to disappoint them when she saw how excited they were. "All right, let's go."

"Yay!" The kids clapped happily before running toward the door hand-in-hand.

Natalie wasn't too worried about their safety as their bodyguards were following close behind them.

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She had just arrived at the clubhouse entrance when she heard the kids yelling excitedly, "Daddy! Daddy!"

The next thing she knew, they ran past the front gate and threw themselves at Shane, who had just gotten off the car. He smiled happily when he saw them coming and knelt down to hug them in response.

"I've missed you so much, Daddy!" Sharon shouted while clinging to Shane's neck.

Connor nodded and chimed in as well, "I've missed you too, Daddy."

Shane gave them both a kiss on the forehead and said, "Well, I'm here now, aren't I? Where's Mommy?"

"Mommy is right there!" Connor pointed in the direction behind him.

Shane looked up and saw Natalie standing atop the stairs of the clubhouse entrance and waving at him with a smile.

He then held the kids by the hand and made his way up the stairs, keeping his gaze fixated on Natalie the whole time.

Although they had been video calling each other every day, seeing her through the screen of his phone simply felt different.

Only by meeting her in person would he be able to see her from head to toe.

Apart from having a big tummy due to her pregnancy, Natalie's figure remained as stunning as before, and Shane found himself unable to take his eyes off her even for a second.

In fact, being pregnant actually gave Natalie a unique charm and made her a lot more attractive.

Shane let go of the kids as he stood before her and stretched his arms out to the side. "Aren't you going to give your husband a hug?"

"You're getting better at this!" Natalie said with a chuckle and stepped forward to hug him.

Silas, who happened to be standing nearby, nodded to himself when he heard that.

Yup, I agree! It's almost as if Mr. Shane has dissociative identity disorder or something! He smiles and flirts when he's around his

wife but becomes cold and aloof when he isn't. I guess this is the difference between family and outsiders, huh?

"It's gotten bigger," Shane said all of a sudden after letting go of Natalie.

Natalie stared at him in confusion. "What has?"

Shane lowered his gaze and glanced at her tummy. "Your tummy."

Natalie shot him an exasperated look. "Of course it has! I'm almost four months along now! It's a sign that our baby is developing well. By the way, the baby will start moving at some point during the second trimester!"

"It'll move?" Shane arched an eyebrow as if he was shocked by a miracle of nature.

Natalie nodded. "Yeah. I'll let you know when the baby starts moving, okay?"

He might not be around when that happens, so this is the best I can promise him right now.

Shane nodded. "Sure."

"Come on in! Dinner's getting cold!" Natalie said while holding on to his arm, and they all marched back into the clubhouse.

In order to give Shane and Natalie some time to themselves, Sally invited the kids to sleep in her room that night.

Shane gave her a look of approval and decided to have Silas reward her later on.

The two of them then had sex before falling asleep in each other's arms that night.

They were woken up by the sound of someone banging on their door the next morning.

"Nat! Nat!" Sally sounded really agitated as she called out to her from outside the room.

Displeased with her disturbing them so early, Shane frowned with a cold glint in his eyes and decided to forfeit that reward he had planned on giving her.

“Ugh...” Natalie slowly opened her eyes and asked in a sleepy voice, “Is Sal calling out to me?”

“No, you’re just imagining things. Go back to sleep,” Shane said as he pulled the blanket over her.

Natalie was about to do as told when the knocking was heard once again. “Nat! Hey, Nat!”

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Shane pursed his lips, the disapproval plain upon his face.

Why did Sally have to speak up after I told Natalie that she had misheard it?

He had never met such a dense employee.

Natalie was amused by Shane’s scowl. “Get the door, please.”

“Don’t you want to go back to bed?” Shane asked.

“No, the sun’s up anyway.”

Shane grunted. Throwing the quilt off himself, he picked his robe up from the floor and opened the curtains and French windows with the push of a button on the remote control before opening the door.

As soon as the door was ajar, Sally grabbed Shane’s hand in her haste as she had mistaken him for Natalie. Upon realizing her error, she recoiled in fright at the fierce glare before her. “Mr. Shane, it’s you?” she blurted in her panic.

Shane was in no mood to address her foolish question. "What is it?" he snapped.

Sally straightened up. "Great news," she announced solemnly.

"What sort of great news?" Shane frowned.

Sally took a deep breath. "An employee of the clubhouse caught the woman who had been delivering the boxes."

"What?" Natalie exclaimed, having just joined them at the door with a triumphant smile on her lips. "Is it Jacqueline?"

"I'm not sure, but I don't think so." Sally shook her head. "If it is, Mr. Campbell would have mentioned it."

Natalie's face fell at her words.

Shane narrowed his eyes. "Even if it is not Jacqueline, it is most likely her proxy. I'll go over and see if I can extract any information from her on Jacqueline. Join me when you've washed up."

Without another word, he stepped out and disappeared around the bend, leaving Natalie and Sally at the door.

Natalie pursed her lips thoughtfully. "Jacqueline has been waiting for me to let my guard down before attempting to frighten me again. It's a good thing her sidekick walked right into the trap we laid for her."

"That's right, though it's a pity that we did not manage to catch Jacqueline. She's pretty clever to send someone in to do her dirty work for her. I'm beginning to wonder if it had been her people who did it the past few times."

"We'll find out soon," Natalie answered softly.

"We will." Sally nodded in agreement.

"Let me get dressed first," Natalie said as she cast a glance down at her pajamas.

“Hang on, Nat.” Sally pulled her friend by the arm.

“What is it?”

Sally scratched her head and asked cautiously, “I noticed that Mr. Shane looked at me quite fiercely earlier. Have I accidentally done something wrong?”

“No, you didn’t,” Natalie assured her with a smile. “We were still asleep when you came knocking earlier. He’s just a little grumpy in the morning.”

“I see.” Sally appeared relieved. “Mr. Campbell must have known that his boss doesn’t like to be woken up like that, so he sent me instead.”

At the realization that she had been tricked to face Shane’s wrath, Sally’s chest heaved with indignation as she spoke.

Natalie patted her friend on the shoulder with a bemused smile. “Don’t work yourself up over such a trivial thing, okay? Wait for me. I’ll go get dressed.”

“All right.” Sally nodded with a resigned sigh as Natalie returned to her bedroom and shut the door behind her.

It took half an hour for Natalie to wash up, and when she emerged, she found Sally waiting where she had left her.

Following that, Sally led Natalie to the location of their captive, who was being detained in an office at that moment.

“Good morning, madam,” greeted Silas, who was standing guard at the door.

“Good morning, Silas,” replied Natalie. “Where is Shane?”

“Mr. Shane is already inside. Go on in.” Silas jerked a thumb toward the door.

After humming in response, Natalie opened the door with Sally following in her wake.

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Shane was the first person she saw as he was seated behind the desk with his eyes fixed on something in front of him.

Natalie and Sally followed his gaze and found a woman slumping on the couch, apparently asleep.

With her hair hiding her face from view, the only thing remarkable about her was her exceptionally tall frame. Her height was comparable to Sally's.

"I say," Sally exclaimed. "Could she be a model?"

Model?

Natalie frowned. Without dwelling on the matter, she walked toward her husband. "Shane."

"You're here," he said by way of greeting as he dropped the documents in his hand and gazed up at her.

Natalie nodded.

"Have you had your breakfast?" Shane prompted.

"No, I haven't," Natalie replied.

Shane appeared displeased. "Why didn't you have some before coming here?"

"I couldn't wait to see you." Natalie crossed the desk and tugged on his arm coquettishly.

Shane's frown was replaced by a smile in an instant.

Meanwhile, Sally stood gaping in amazement at the side as she observed their interaction.

As expected, no man can withstand the devastating charm of a beautiful woman.

“By the way, darling, what is up with this woman?” Natalie asked as she dropped Shane’s arm to point at the unconscious figure on the couch.

“She fainted from fright,” Shane answered curtly with a cold glint in his eyes.

“What? She fainted?” Sally repeated incredulously.

“How did that happen?” Natalie asked, sharing Sally’s look of confusion.

“She fainted the moment Silas caught her, as she was probably aware of the trouble she was in. She was out cold by the time I arrived.” With a grim smile, he added, “By the way, I think you girls know her.”

“We do?” Natalie and Sally exchanged a glance.

Sally stepped forward to brush the woman’s hair off her cheek before jumping with a start. “Hannah!” she exclaimed.

Natalie was taken aback as well, though she managed to retain her composure.

I did not expect Hannah of all people to be the one delivering the boxes.

Jacqueline must have done her research before she colluded with Hannah and had the latter carry out her dirty work.

“Sal, wake her up,” Natalie ordered in a low voice.

“With pleasure.” Sally nodded eagerly.

Dropping Hannah's lock of hair, she looked around for a water dispenser with the intention of splashing water on the unconscious woman's face.

To her disappointment, she did not find any liquid she could use within the office.

As a last resort, Sally rolled up her sleeves and grabbed Hannah by the collar. With surprising strength within such a petite body, Sally hoisted her upright and slapped her viciously on both cheeks in quick succession.

Natalie, who was taking a sip of water, choked at the unexpectedly brutal manner Sally had employed to wake Hannah up.

Even Shane raised his eyebrows as he tried to stifle a laugh.

As amused as he was, he felt comforted by the fact that his wife had friends who were capable of defending her should the need arise.

Sally and Joyce will keep an eye on her, so I needn't worry.

"Ouch! Who hit me?" Hannah demanded as she woke up with a start.

With a hand on her cheek to soothe the sting, she was about to begin a tirade before catching sight of Natalie, Shane, and Sally before her.

Instantly, Hannah turned pale in shock, looking as though she was about to faint again.

If I pass out again, they'll just slap me awake in the same way anyway.

"What do you want?" Hannah demanded, her fists clenched tightly with rage as she cast a wary eye at the three of them. "How dare you kidnap me! I'm going to the cops for this!"

"Call the cops then!" Sally challenged her scornfully. "Let's see if it's you or us that the cops arrest!"

Natalie took a step forward with her eyes fixed on Hannah. “How did you get to know Jacqueline?”

“Jacqueline?” Hannah repeated, mystified. “Who is that?”

“Drop the act!” Sally shouted with an accusatory finger pointed at Hannah’s nose. “Jacqueline must have paid you off to deliver the box, didn’t she?”

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Hannah’s eyes flashed with guilt at the mention of the box, but she held her ground. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I don’t know anyone called Jacqueline.”

“Do you really not know her?” Shane suddenly chimed in, his eyes narrowing.

He scares me the most. He looks at me like he’s capable of having me killed at any moment.

Hannah lowered her face to avoid meeting his gaze. “No, I don’t.”

Sally and Natalie exchanged a glance. “Nat, what do you think? Is she telling the truth?”

Natalie frowned and shook her head.

It only takes a stubborn will to make a lie indiscernible from the truth.

“Shane, what about you?” Natalie looked toward her husband.

Shane did not answer her. Instead, he summoned Silas.

"Mr. Shane," the latter entered the room promptly and stood at attention.

"Bring me the lie detector," Shane ordered.

Sally perked up at once. "Oh, how exciting!" she squealed. "If she tells a lie, Nat, she will be electrocuted immediately!"

As she spoke, she pointed at Hannah.

"No, no!" Hannah screamed, her face pale with fright.

"That's not up to you to decide." Sally cast a contemptuous gaze at her.

Natalie said nothing. Instead, she stared at Hannah thoughtfully.

Within seconds, Silas returned with the lie detector.

Hannah took one look at it and sprang to her feet in shock.

With a grim chuckle and a vast stride of her long legs, Sally appeared in front of Hannah to block her path of escape. With another swift movement, Sally twisted Hannah's arm around her back and pinned her against the couch.

"Not bad," Silas exclaimed appreciatively.

"Indeed." Sally appeared very pleased with herself as she kept her weight on Hannah against the couch. "Mr. Campbell, would you please place her hand on the lie detector?"

"It would be my pleasure," replied Silas with a nod.

With the two of them working quickly, Hannah soon found herself subjected to a polygraph against her will.

Initially, she had thought that she would be electrocuted the moment her skin came into contact with the device.

Touching the cold metal gingerly, Hannah heaved a huge sigh of relief as the lie detector did not behave as she had expected.

"All done. Ask away." Shane looked at Natalie.

"Was it Jacqueline who paid you to deliver the boxes to me?" she asked, turning to face Hannah, who bit her lip defiantly.

There's no possible way that this cold hunk of metal can tell if a human being is lying or not. They're bluffing me.

What if I tell them the truth and it zaps me anyway? It's safer to remain silent.

Sally slapped the back of Hannah's head in frustration. "What're you waiting for? Answer her!"

Hannah spun around and glared at Sally viciously. "Why should I?" she shouted. "How accurate is this machine anyway? What if it electrocutes me even if I tell the truth?"

"You don't have to worry about that," Silas interjected. "This device is attuned to the pulse and temperature changes of the person subjected to the test. If one is telling the truth, there should be no change in heart rate and body temperature. If a lie is being told, the pulse will quicken or slow down. The body temperature changes in a similar way too. I'd advise you to tell the truth."

"You heard him! The lie detector won't harm you if you tell the truth," said Sally impatiently.

Hannah allowed her gaze to linger on Natalie first before shifting it to Shane, whose face was inscrutable. She took a deep breath before answering. "No, it wasn't."

Every eye in the room was fixed on the lie detector at Hannah's response.

After several seconds, the green light on the lie detector lit up instead of the red one.

"She told the truth!" Shane announced as Hannah nodded fervently, giddy with relief at her narrow escape.

On the other hand, Natalie narrowed her eyes in suspicion. “Do you really not know Jacqueline?”

“I don’t know anyone named Jacqueline,” Hannah repeated.

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As Natalie flicked her gaze between Hannah and the lie detector, she was forced to admit that the latter had been telling the truth.

It’s proven that Hannah was most definitely not employed by Jacqueline. She doesn’t even know her.

Natalie clenched her fist as the only other possibility dawned on her. “Was the box your idea, then?”

“What box?” retorted Hannah in a panic. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

As soon as the words left her lips, the bulb on the lie detector glowed a menacing red as it began to beep frantically.

With the crackling of electricity, the current swept through the device and onto Hannah’s fingertips. With a horrible scream, she writhed and squirmed in her seat.

Silas and Sally let go of her at once to avoid being electrocuted.

Meanwhile, Shane merely glared coldly at Hannah without a hint of compassion.

When the lie detector was done channeling its punishing surge, Natalie spoke again, “Are you still unwilling to tell the truth?”

Traumatized by the experience, Hannah began to weep in earnest.

“No, I’ll tell. I’ll tell,” she sobbed. “It was my idea. I did it all alone.”

Sally smiled as the green light lit up on the lie detector. “Mr. Shane, Nat, she’s not lying this time.”

Shane grunted in response.

Hannah, on the other hand, was beside herself with rage.

Just my luck to be caught today after three successful deliveries in a row! I hate them!

“Tell us, then,” Natalie asked coldly as she sat beside Shane. “Why did you do such a thing?”

It turns out that Jacqueline had nothing to do with it, after all. Hannah single-handedly delivered all those boxes.

Before she got to the bottom of the matter, Natalie had wondered why Jacqueline would stoop so low as to employ scare tactics as opposed to her usual drastic measures.

Now that we found out that it was not Jacqueline, everything makes sense.

“I... I...” Hannah stammered.

“Stop mumbling!” Sally shoved her roughly. “Tell the truth!”

The shove sent Hannah over the edge. With surprising strength, she managed to push Sally off of her and leaped to her feet. “It’s because I hate you!” she screeched at Natalie. “You ruined my modeling career, and yet you’re oblivious to it!”

Natalie blinked. “I’ve ruined your career? When did I do such a thing?”

How strange. I’m being accused of things I don’t even remember.

Shane patted her hand comfortingly, to which Natalie merely shook her head, unbothered in the slightest by the accusation.

Sally pointed a finger at Hannah. “When did Nat ruin your career? You’d better have evidence to back up your slander!”

“No, I don’t. But she is the reason why I’m in the wretched state that I am in now. If she did not expose Jessie, I wouldn’t have been eliminated from the competition for being Jessie’s model! Due to that, I have been forced to model for tawdry magazines for cash! With my current portfolio, I will never be taken seriously again as a high-end model!” Hannah howled, the torment of her predicament pouring out in a torrent of emotions.

Natalie chuckled. Before she could speak, Sally stepped forward.

“What rubbish!” She scoffed. “You brought everything upon yourself! How could you blame Nat for your own poor choices? Was it her who forced you to model for Jessie? Was it her who made you grovel for quick-paying but demeaning jobs? Nat did not do a single thing. You made all of those decisions yourself.”

“Yes, it was me,” Hannah cried. “But if she didn’t expose Jessie—”

“Stop blaming others for your choices,” Sally interrupted her in disgust. “Jessie conducted herself unethically against the other participants. Was it wrong for Nat to expose her wrongdoings? If you are feeling vehement, blame Jessie for being a cheater or yourself for choosing to be her model!”

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“Sally is right. Being Jessie’s model, it is in accordance with the rules for you to be eliminated following her ousting. Though she has been blacklisted within the industry, you have not. You are still free to pursue your career on the path of your choice, but it has never occurred to you to improve your own professional skills, has it? So it’s your own fault for getting involved with tawdry magazines for some quick cash, isn’t it?”

Natalie fixed Hannah with a steady gaze as she spoke.

Hannah opened her mouth to retort but found herself unable to speak.

Deep down inside, she knew that her poor choices were nobody's fault but her own. However, she stubbornly refused to admit her mistakes.

Instead, she had sought to get out of her circumstances by placing the blame on others in an effort to assuage her own guilt.

"That's enough." Shane stood up with his hands in his pockets. "What is your motive in sending those the boxes to my wife? Is that a scare tactic?"

Hannah looked away and refused to answer.

Sally, who knew her all too well, warned with a menacing grin, "Don't you dare try to lie again. I've turned the output all the way up on the lie detector. If you do, the electrocution you have endured before will pale in comparison to this. I've seen blood vessels rupture, which resulted in paralysis from the waist down. I seem to recall that you live alone, do you not? Imagine how difficult your life would become if you became paralyzed. With nobody to care for you, you might be tempted to kill yourself only to find that you wouldn't be able to even get out of your wheelchair. That would be worse than death, wouldn't it? I'm sure you wouldn't want to go through that."

Hannah was shaking like a leaf from head to toe.

On the other hand, Silas instantly had a newfound respect for Sally.

It's a waste of her talents to be a model. If she were a cop, she would make even the most hardened criminals weep in fear.

Even Natalie and Shane were impressed by Sally's unorthodox skillset.

"Darling, look how hard Sally is working for you. You should give her a raise." Natalie tugged at her husband's arm.

"Maybe I will." Shane smiled.

Sally is already acting like Natalie's bodyguard. She does deserve a raise.

Hannah took a long time to recover from her fright. With a nervous glance down at the lie detector, she looked as though she had lost all will to resist.

It's three against one. What good will being stubborn do? How can I stand up to the power and influence of Natalie and her husband?

"I sent the boxes to give you a miscarriage," Hannah admitted.

"What?" Sally exclaimed.

Natalie gaped in horror as she reached for her belly out of instinct.

Shane's eyes flashed menacingly as though he wanted nothing more than to kill the woman who threatened his unborn child.

Hannah felt his hostility and recoiled in fright. "Jessie had intended for you to have a miscarriage and arranged for me to trigger you, hoping that I would be able to make you so angry that you lose your child. But before she could succeed, she had paid the price for her cheating."

"So you came up with a way to exact vengeance against me?" Natalie asked coldly, her lips pursed tightly.

Hannah lowered her head. "Yes. I saw you at the restaurant and was reminded of what you have turned me into. That was when I decided to do everything in my power to sabotage your life. As you were always surrounded by bodyguards and security measures, the only thing I could do was to send you the boxes to frighten you. I'd thought about it for a long time."

That's all I can do. I have no power and nobody to back me. However, I'll still do whatever I can to make this b*tch's life a living hell.

Hannah had hoped that the parcel she delivered would not only give Natalie a miscarriage but also make Shane divorce her for her inability to keep a child.

How infuriating to find out that Natalie is completely fine!

God is so unfair! Some people are so fortunate to be born with wealth, good looks, and talent. Even their ability to seduce men far exceeds mere mortals such as myself.

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The more she thought about it, the angrier and more jealous she felt. Her face was contorted with fury.

"I see." Natalie gave a jeering laugh.

"How would you like to deal with her?" Shane asked Natalie.

Hannah's heart began hammering wildly at the discussion of her fate.

"Don't you dare do anything to me," Hannah warned in a shaky voice. "There are laws in this country."

Natalie is going to have me killed. They have the resources to order a hit on me and clean up my body so that my death will never be discovered.

Sally chuckled. "Do you think we're going to kill you? Incapacitate you, perhaps? As you said, we live in a society governed by law. We're not going to any of those things."

"Really?" Hannah gazed up, her eyes shining with hope.

Natalie nodded. "We're not going to kill or incapacitate you. Though what you did was disgusting, it doesn't warrant a death sentence. However, we are not going to let you off the hook.

You'll be taken to the police station and be charged for malicious intimidation."

"Do you intend for me to go to prison?" Hannah cried in a hysterical voice.

Sally rolled her eyes. "What you did was illegal. Isn't prison what you deserve? Well, the other alternative would be for us to break both your legs. How does that sound?"

Hannah shivered as she gazed horrorstruck at each of them in turn.

They are cold-blooded monsters to suggest such a heinous act so calmly as though it's something they do often.

Sally smirked with satisfaction at Hannah's fright. "Think about it. You'll be exchanging your freedom for—"

"I choose prison! I choose prison!" Hannah interjected hastily before Sally could finish her threat.

Sally smiled. "You choose wisely. It's better to be going to prison with your legs intact."

Hannah did not reply as the hatred that had been bubbling in her heart rendered her unable to speak.

Yes, having my legs is definitely preferable, but I don't want to go to jail!

It appears my fate has been decided for me. I shouldn't have picked a fight with Natalie.

Filled with regrets, Hannah could only accept her fate in silence.

"Silas," Shane ordered as he pulled Natalie to her feet. "Take her to the police station."

"Yes, sir."

“I’ll come along,” said Sally at once. “We were classmates, after all.”

“Go on, then.” Natalie nodded with approval.

It did not take long for Sally and Silas to march Hannah off to the police station with her arms pinned behind her back.

Then, Natalie and Shane returned to their room in the clubhouse with the intention of taking the children for breakfast before going home to their villa.

Now that Hannah has been apprehended, there would be no more unpleasant surprises in the mail.

On the way up to their bedroom, Natalie suddenly lamented, “I’d always thought that Jacqueline was behind this. I did not imagine that it would be Hannah instead.”

“I didn’t see this coming, either,” admitted Shane.

Natalie gave a bitter chuckle. “I was negligent too. I thought that my enemies only consisted of Jacqueline and Jasmine. Since Jasmine was sent away to the mental hospital, the next possibility would have been Jacqueline or Sean. Since I did not account for Hannah’s hatred toward me, I had never seen her as a threat.”

This incident is a wake-up call. Every grudge must be taken into consideration no matter how insignificant it is. At the slightest misstep, I could be plunged into danger before I even know it.

As Natalie did not have a huge grudge against Hannah, she had never taken the latter seriously as a threat. After getting rid of Jasmine, Natalie thought that she had seen the last of Hannah.

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As a result, she was caught completely unaware by the insignificant person who bore such a grievance toward her that she was willing to murder Natalie's unborn child.

There would be people I would inadvertently offend, so I cannot afford to drop my guard. The next hit on me could be someone who I have offended even in the mildest manner.

"It's a good thing you understand now. Perhaps something like that will never happen again." Shane rubbed Natalie's hand in comfort.

"You're right," Natalie concurred.

After breakfast, the couple brought the children back to the villa.

Not long after, Sally and Silas joined them.

"Mr. Shane, Hannah has been handed over to the authorities, but..." Silas trailed off as he rubbed his nose hesitantly.

"What happened?" Natalie asked Sally.

Sally shoved Silas aside. "Let me tell them. As Hannah is a citizen of our country, these foreign cops didn't feel thrilled about intervening. They contacted the clubhouse to have her delivered to them to be deported. Our own police will take it from there."

"I should have known," Natalie remarked with a chuckle.

Sally frowned. "I'm not too pleased about it. Our own laws of intimidation are not as severe as the foreign ones. I've inquired about her case and was told that she would be sentenced to two years of imprisonment at most. Since her crimes did not achieve their goal, and with her full confession, her sentence would probably be reduced to a measly six months."

"What do you think?" Shane looked toward Natalie. "If you think that six months is too short, I can have the Garcia family—"

“No need.” Natalie shook her head. “Let her be convicted for however long the authorities decide. Compared to Susan and the rest, Hannah isn’t exactly malicious. I don’t think we need to intervene to maximize her punishment, or we’ll be no different from Jacqueline. After her six months are up, let her be exiled forever.”

Sally’s eyes lit up. “That sounds good too. It would be even more torturous for her to never be able to return to the country.”

The foreign countries are riddled with rampant crimes and war. For Hannah to live in fear every single day is the best punishment she could receive.

“We’ll do it your way,” Shane announced.

“Thank you, darling.” Natalie nodded.

Shane stroked her hair and smiled at her affectionately.

Sally rubbed her arm uncomfortably. “Mr. Shane, Nat, why do you have to be so lovey-dovey like that in public?”

“Find someone for yourself and join us,” Natalie said with a chuckle.

At her words, Sally turned to look at Silas without thinking. Coincidentally, Silas looked over at her at the same time. With their eyes locked together, they froze for a moment.

Sally looked away quickly. “We’ll talk about it in the future,” she squeaked.

As Natalie studied Sally’s crimson ears and cheeks, she seemed to have understood something. “In the future it is, then,” Natalie said with a knowing wink.

“Nat, I’ve got to go,” Sally mumbled before leaving the room as she did not dare remain for fear of being teased.

Silas cleared his throat. “Mr. Shane, madam, I should be going as well.”

“Go on.” Shane nodded.

With a final bow at the couple, Silas departed after Sally, leaving only Shane and Natalie in the living room.

“Did you see that, darling?” Natalie hugged Shane’s arm with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1060

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1060

“See what?” Shane asked absentmindedly as he read a financial report on his tablet.

“Sal and Mr. Campbell, of course. When I mentioned Sal finding someone for herself just now, she actually looked at Mr. Campbell, and he looked back at her! When their eyes met, they blushed so hard. It’s really adorable. I think they have feelings for one another.”

“Is that so?” Shane murmured, his attention fixed on the report. “I didn’t notice.”

He is never interested in other people’s affairs. It’s so boring to gossip with him!

Natalie pouted at his indifference. “You’re no fun at all. I’ll leave you to read while I go check on the kids.”

Shane grunted, still absorbed in his reading.

Natalie let go of his arm and headed upstairs.

Soon, Natalie’s life returned to its usual peaceful state. It was as though all of the troublemakers in her life were finally dealt with.

Before, there would always be news of her or Shane running into unpleasant circumstances.

However, over a month had passed without any sign of disturbances in their serene lives. It was as though Jacqueline and Sean were no longer existent.

Of course, it would be wishful thinking to hope for their disappearance. They must merely be biding their time somewhere in the shadows.

After all, Shane did not spare any expense in doubling the security around the villa. Sean would definitely not be foolish enough to attempt something under the watchful eyes of the bodyguards.

However, Natalie knew that it would be impossible for them to remain hidden for long. Her vigilance increased as she was constantly on the lookout for any nasty surprises.

One night, Natalie went downstairs for a drink after putting the children to bed to find Sally seated on the couch while engaging in a conversation over the phone.

Suddenly, she smiled widely at something the other speaker said.

Natalie waited for her to hang up. "Was that Mr. Campbell?"

Sally nodded uncomfortably. "That's right. How did you know?"

Natalie laughed. "I could tell from the look of giddy love on your face. So are you guys officially a couple now?"

Sally was about to deny it but faltered under Natalie's knowing smile. "He called me yesterday to ask me to be his girlfriend, and I said yes," she explained as she blushed.

"That didn't take long! I caught a spark between the two of you just a month ago and now look where we are!" Natalie smiled widely.

Sally twirled her hair. "I didn't expect it too. I can't even recall when I started liking him and when he fell for me. We got together before I knew it."

"That's great. Mr. Campbell is a good man. You mustn't drool over other guys anymore, Sal," Natalie reminded her solemnly.

Since the competition, Sally had been keeping an eye out for foreign men and was close to some of them.

However, things were never serious with them. I just hope that Sally wouldn't hurt Silas after getting together with him.

Sally smiled. "Don't worry, Nat. I know what to do. I was just exploring my options while I was still single. Not anymore, though. I will be loyal to my boyfriend now."

"I'm glad to hear that."

Sally slipped her phone back into her pocket and gazed at Natalie's belly. "You're six months in, aren't you? Time flies. Only three more months before the baby arrives, isn't it?"

Natalie stroked her belly with a loving smile. "That's right."

"I want to be the baby's godmother," said Sally at once. "Don't let Joyce take my spot. She is already Connor and Sharon's godmother, so this one is mine."

Natalie was amused at her temerity. "Duly noted. I'll tell Joyce to back off."

"That's more like it." Sally smiled. As if reminded of something, she suddenly grew solemn. "Nat, are you nervous about the semi-finals?"